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I ran to my nurse for relief,  
A woman right skilfull though poor,  
Of her book she turn'd o'er every leaf,  
Till of noses she came to the cure;  
"Mix," she said, "with some cow-dung  
some curd,  
Add of red herrings eight, all the roes,  
In a skillet when all are well stirred,  
Clap the poultice red hot on your nose."  
In the morning, oh! dreadful to view,  
A crop of white pimplies appeared;  
To Doctor Gilhoty I flew,  
Who with ointment my nostrils besmeared;  
But instead of appeasing the smart,  
This ointment increas'd all my woes,  
So for England resolved to depart,  
To the farriers I sailed with my nose.  
To the farriers I cried, "Doctors see,  
A lady from Ireland, assist her!"  
But no sooner I gave them my fee,  
Than they stuck on my nose a horse  
blister.  
With anguish I fainted away,  
But I found, when from swooning I rose,  
In the true veterinary way,  
They had fastened a touch on my nose.  
I tried washes the itching to kill,  
And the dire irritation to calm,  
Moredant's drops, Velno's syrup, Ward's  
pill,  
Gowland's lotion, and Solomon's balm;  
Perkin's tractors I used for a week,  
More inflamed th' erysipelas grows,  
I scraped it till pain made me squeak,  
But the redness increased on my nose.

By a surgeon at length I was told,  
That all I was doing was wrong,  
"Try cold, Miss O'Flinn, intepse cold,  
The redness you'll find wont last long.  
Go to Russia, that region of ice,  
Nature's storehouse of hailand of snows,  
You'll be thankful for this good advice,  
When you're rid of the red on your  
nose."

One friend I possess'd, Pat O'Sheen,  
A generous despiser of pelf,  
His father a harper had been,  
And he play'd on the Jews' harp him-self.  
"Tis, my Pat when misfortune betide,  
His attachment an Irishman shows,  
To the end of the world," he reply'd,  
"Will I follow your beautiful nose."

In Moscow's thin isicled air,  
I uncovered my nose to the frost,  
But, oh! judge of my grief, my despair,  
When I felt for my nose—it was lost!  
"Oh! look for it, Pat on the ground,  
And gather up also my toes."  
"The latter, dear lady, I've found,  
But my search is in vain for your nose."  
Ye maids of the emerald isle,  
Eru's daughters, ah! pity my doom,  
Weep for ever, nor suffer a smile,  
To brighten the cloud of your gloom,  
Let the cypress bough sullenly groan,  
In harmony drear with my woes,  
For in Russia, unmarked by a stone,  
Lies unburied my aquiline nose.

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## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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*Reflections on the abundance of Paper in circulation, and the scarcity of Specie. By Sir Philip Francis. K. B. London, printed for J. Ridgway, No. 170, opposite old Bond-street, Picadilly, 1810.*

**T**HIS pamphlet, just published in London, having reached our hands, we hasten to present our readers with some interesting extracts from it. We prefer this mode of reviewing in the present instance to making many comments of our own. The author Sir Philip Francis is known as having taken an active lead in Indian politics, and as having preserved a fair character in a high station in that country. He pleads the infirmities of age as an excuse

for the defects of this attempt to inform the public. We discover none of the imbecilities of age, but perceive many marks of a vigorous mind actively engaged to promote the best interests of his country, in raising his warning voice against that system which appears rapidly leading to ruin.

He thus introduces his subject:

"It was said by William Earl of Chatham forty years ago, or somebody has recorded it for him, "that it was a maxim he had observed through life, when he had lost his way, to stop short, lest, by proceeding without knowledge, and advancing from one false step to another, he should wind himself into an in-

extricable labyrinth, and never be able to recover the right road." He was naturally a brave man, and, by constantly holding a high language, accustomed his mind to keep company with generous principles and great ideas.

"Most men are ready to admit that plainness and simplicity are good moral qualities, and not at all unwilling to encourage them in others. But it is not so generally known or admitted, that these qualities, instructed by experience or enlightened by reflection, are the surest evidence of a sound understanding. A cunning rogue may cheat a wiser man of his money; but, in an abstract question, to be determined by judgment, it is not possible that skill and artifice can finally prevail over plain reason, which, in the ordinary transactions of life, is called common sense. If it were possible for me to personify the British nation, and if I were at liberty to offer my humble advice to so great a person, the first thing I should recommend to him would be to adopt the maxim of Lord Chatham, to stop for a moment, in order to take a general view of his situation with his own eyes, and to reflect on it himself. The first question I would urge to his consideration, as more immediately pressing, though not more important than many others, is, whether this kingdom, with many appearances to the contrary, be not essentially impoverished, and whether the causes of that effect be or be not in a state of progression. It is in vain to argue with any man, who professes to think that a circulation of paper, not convertible into specie, and which may be increased *ad libitum* by those who issue it, is as sure a sign of wealth as specie itself, or at least answers *all* the purposes of gold and silver, as it certainly does some of them. His principle, if he be in earnest, which I should very much doubt of any person in possession of his senses, would oblige him, in many other cases, to maintain that the shadow of a good thing is just as good as the substance; or that water, forced into the system, performs the functions of blood, with

equal effect and greater facility. With the help of tapping it might do so, as long as the stamina lasted. But, in these cases, the patient is apt to give the lie or the slip to the physician, and to die of a dropsy with the panacea in his bowels. He, who really suffers his mind to be anauised with such fancies, has something to enjoy, and it would be cruel to undeceive him. But, in fact, there is no such person out of Bedlam, except perhaps, on the coast of Angola, where, in former times at least, the honest Christian trader persuaded the infidel natives that cowries and glass beads would answer their purposes much better than gold or silver. In this way, they were converted out of their property, but not at all out of their infidelity.

"Paper undoubtedly is more convenient and manageable than coin; it executes many services much better and, as long as its credit is good, a reasonable circulation of it helps to promote and facilitate the operations of industry. But, with all its facilities as an agent, there is one condition essential to its value as a sign, namely, *security*. Take away that condition, and the value of a bank-note immediately becomes imaginary. It has no intrinsic value, and it represents nothing. Such paper may pass among ourselves by agreement, and we may coin as much of it as we please; but, so far from being a sign or effect of wealth, the increasing abundance of such paper, without specie existing and forth-coming to answer it, is a sure and indisputable evidence of immediate or approaching poverty. The first question to be considered is, what is become of the gold and silver, which, before the present war, were plentiful enough; and, if they are gone, whether, in the present course of things, there be any likelihood of their coming back again. Near two years ago, Mr. Baring gave us fair warning of our situation and its consequences. He truly said, "that this country then stood in the singular predicament of abandoning the general medium of circulation, gold and silver, for paper, which is of no value beyond its own limits."

Even then he told us, that "the precious metals had not increased in quantity in proportion to the *depreciation* of our nominal money, to furnish us the means of circulation." If that was the case two years ago, what must it be now, when we know that there is no bullion left, and that guineas are not to be found, unless they happen to be stopped in their way to the Continent; and when the expenditure, we have to provide for, is not much less than eighty millions a year? Of this expense, a very great proportion cannot be paid with paper, *videlicet*, your armies and garrisons abroad; your navy on foreign stations; subsidies to foreign courts, and many other expenses, such as the interest of the public debt held by foreigners at war with you, and estimated at seven hundred thousand pounds a year; besides the bullion, from six to eight hundred thousand pounds, exported annually by the East India company. All this amount must go in gold and silver, unless the favourable state of your trade with the Continent, and elsewhere, gives you a foreign credit, which may help to supply you with part of the sum wanted to answer these demands."

In the course of demonstrating the depreciation of bank notes, as evinced by the increased price of bullion, a subject often noticed in our commercial reports, he adduces the following forcible reasons.

"As long as bank notes, or paper securities of any other kind, were convertible into specie on demand, the value of such paper could not be depreciated otherwise than by the bankruptcy of those who issued it. But the case is quite altered, when the bank is exempted by law from paying their notes on demand, according to the fundamental condition of their charter *sine qua non*, and when the moral and lawful claims of creditor against debtor are dissolved by an act of power.

"When by agreement or otherwise, any two things are made the measure of each other, by a par settled between them, if one of them rises above that par, and the other sinks below it, the difference must be a premium on the first, and a discount

on the second. It matters not, whether this measure relates to coin and paper, or to corn and cloth. For example, suppose a yard of cloth and a bushel of wheat on a given day to be equal to each other reciprocally. If in a lapse of time, that equality should be lost, and if a yard of cloth should be valued at two bushels of wheat, it seems to me self-evident, that the cloth would be at a premium, and the corn at a discount of fifty per cent. in relation to each other. He who denies the truth of this proposition, will be bound to maintain that, if the price of gold were to rise to ten or twenty pounds an ounce in paper, the price of the said paper would not be diminished, which I conceive is the same thing as saying, that it would not be depreciated.

"Another short view of the question, or rather another form of putting it, I should imagine, would end it. Suppose the thing, which any man wants to buy, is banknotes, and that he has nothing to pay for them but gold. Yesterday his ounce of gold would only have bought four pounds in paper. To-day he can get five pounds of the same paper, with the same ounce of gold. Is the paper cheaper to-day by twenty-five per cent than it was yesterday? But cheap or dear, is measured by price, and if the price be so much lower, is, or is not the value so far reduced?

"Here this part of the subject may be dismissed, with one short memorandum to the reader, which he should for ever bear in mind, viz. that considering specie and paper as equally a medium of circulation, there is this essential and eternal difference between them, that paper, at best, can be nothing but a sign among ourselves; but that, by the common consent of mankind, gold and silver have an intrinsic value, and constitute a real pledge or deposit, as well as a sign; and though the price may accidentally vary, according to the quantity and the demand, still an intrinsic value adheres to the substance.

"They, who deny the depreciated value of paper in circulation, have a loose, vulgar way of talking, fit to

satisfy such careless people as the inert mass of the English consists of. It is said, with a triumph over arguments, which are not listened to, that as long as a one pound note and a Birmingham shilling will purchase as much beef and mutton, or any other commodity in the shops as a guinea, either of them is equal to the other, and consequently paper is not depreciated, at least among ourselves; for no man, I think, has the confidence to affirm, that the proposition would be true, if applied to our mercantile intercourse, or any other money-dealing with foreigners. If it were so, that is, if we were cunning enough to persuade a foreign creditor to receive bank-notes in payment, then undoubtedly we might soon settle the score with him, as we do with many other creditors nearer home. As to internal circulation, it is true that he, who has but a few guineas left, may be compelled to part with them, though he gets no more for his guinea than he might for a note and a shilling; but first it is certain that all these rare straggling guineas, are shot flying, or caught up as fast as they appear, and either hoarded, or melted into ingots, or exported in specie—But would any man, Jew or Gentile, who possessed a thousand guineas, lend or pay them for £1050 in paper, while various ways are open to him, by which he may exchange them for the same paper, with a profit of fifteen or twenty per cent; and if he were so ill-advised or so generous, would not his thousand guineas be seized by other Jews or Gentiles, and go directly to the crucible? A Birmingham shilling may do as well for common change, as a shilling from the mint, if such a thing existed or ever came into sight, because in petty dealings, where the shilling changes hands every minute, a small shifting loss is not regarded; *nulla est de minimis cura*; or because we are willing to pay a light tax for a constant convenience; but not so when great payments are in question. For then we know the difference, and that it constitutes an object worth attending to. Would any debtor make a payment of £1050 in guineas, if by melting the same guineas, he

could pay the debt, and put a hundred pounds worth of the circulating paper into his pocket? The case is just the same in purchase as in payment. If to buy a certain quantity of corn or cloth, he parts with a thousand new guineas instead of £1050 in bank-notes, I say he is cheated or he cheats himself; because the guineas are worth fifteen or twenty per cent more; which difference he might realize by melting or exporting them; and if he were resolved to forego that profit himself, somebody else would get it instead of him. The public would gain nothing by his forbearance. But what signifies arguing such questions, when we all know that there are no heavy guineas in common circulation, and very few even of those that have been most severely sweated?"

We have, on several occasions, endeavoured to show the fallacy of the attempts to represent our trade as in a most flourishing condition. We consider it as part of that system of delusion practised to hoodwink us, and keep us from seeing our danger—We are happy to confirm our former assertions, by the authority of this author, in the following view of the vaunted commercial prosperity of Great Britain.

"I know it is stoutly asserted, that there never was any thing so flourishing as the foreign trade of England at this time; that our imports are considerable, but that they are exceeded by our exports to the amount of many millions, which it seems, find a rapid and profitable sale, wherever they are sent. Foreign markets are never glutted with English goods, and these goods are never sold under prime cost, to save or secure the freight; or left to perish on the beach, as I know they do at Heligoland, to an immense amount, particularly of colonial produce. A gentleman, very lately arrived from that fortunate island, assured me, that, from the beach to the stairs, he had walked up to his ankles in salted sugar and rotten coffee. Moreover it is stated to me, on the authority of a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, who arrived from the Brazils, within this month, that

British manufactures, of all sorts, particularly cloths, were sold there and at Buenos Ayres, when they could be sold at all, at 25 per cent under prime cost.

" A great importation of naval stores or other articles of necessity from the Baltic, and of corn or luxuries from France, of itself proves nothing, but that this country is so much in debt to the enemy, and then the question is, whether such import is balanced by an equal or greater exportation of our own commodities to France and Russia, or whether it be overpaid, which would create a credit in our favour, or in what other manner the account is settled. Now a true and satisfactory answer to that question, as I am told, will not be collected exactly from custom-house statements; but as I am quite sure, may be safely and certainly derived from another test, which never did or can deceive us, and which for the purpose in hand, would make all official accounts unnecessary. Whenever we see the market price of bullion reduced to the level, at which gold and silver may be coined, we may be satisfied that there is no danger of wanting guineas and shillings for the uses of circulation, or any other, and to make that of paper perfectly safe, as well as convenient; and if we see the course of exchange, between this and other countries, materially in our favour, we may be equally sure that the trade with those countries is favourable to us, and that there must be an influx of real wealth into Britain. National prosperity proves itself. It may be felt and enjoyed but cannot be demonstrated. On that subject all other evidence is either fallacious or superfluous.

" But suppose the symptoms in this case to be notoriously reversed; if specie disappears, if the whole mass of gold, which prove the super-lucration of our trade, and which since his Majesty's accession has been coined into sixty millions sterling, be gone or going, and if bills on the rest of the world, or on Europe, are not to be had but at an exorbitant premium sufficient to make it the interest of the person, who wants to make a remittance, rather to send the amount

in specie, than to buy the bill;—cunning men may argue, and silly people may listen to them; but neither their arguments nor their documents, with which the plainest questions are sure to be overwhelmed and strangled, ought to have the weight of a feather against the facts. With a glut of paper intrinsically worth nothing, and representing nothing, you are going headlong into real beggary, while these people tell you that it is just the contrary, and that you never looked better in your life.

" Without attending to occasional fluctuations in the price of bullion, which if they are accidental, can only be temporary, what is the true cause of the scarcity of gold and silver in this or any other commercial country, supposing such scarcity to be progressive and likely to be permanent?

" If any country should constantly or for a great length of time, import more, for her own consumption, than she exports of her own commodities, the difference or balance of trade against her must be finally made good in specie or bullion. But this is only a part of the present case. In addition to the balance of trade, supposing that to be against us, the balance of all other money transactions with the rest of the world must be added to the commercial deficit. A great foreign expense can only be provided for in one of two ways; either, first, by a credit abroad, equal to all those expenses, which credit cannot be had otherwise than by a proportionate profit on your trade, and if that were the case now, there would be no occasion to export specie. Gold and silver would remain here *in situ quo*, and the bank of England would never have been under the necessity of stopping payment; or, secondly, you must pay the balance out of the existing wealth or substance of this kingdom. For these services, the foreign bullion goes first; then go the guineas; for as to silver coin, there is none, other than that of Birmingham, for common change, and lately a few dollars; and even of them there is no great plenty, though the bank say they have issued to the number of 4,817,634 since the year

1797, which shows that most of the old ones have taken wing, and will soon be followed by the rest. They are all alike birds of passage.

"Finally, the plate must follow the guineas, or you must stop short and stop payment; and then, I say, that in spite of bank-notes and paper circulation, or any agreement among ourselves to receive and pay in that sort of coin, and in spite of a grand sinking-fund into the bargain, the nation must be bankrupt, beggared, and undone, and that we are every day approximating to that conclusion."

We quote the following paragraph to show that the present prevailing infatuation has not been without example in former times. May the nation take warning in time! In the present day we have Madame Catalani and the foreign singers.

"In the last extremity, and when the facts stare us in the face, and the authors of all the mischief have no subterfuge left, they still have a triumphant way of talking "*well, where's the remedy? and what is your advice?*" as if it rested with the patient, whom they have reduced to the point of death, to cure himself; and indeed, if we cannot cure ourselves, there must ere long be an end of us. Now, without regarding any thing said by such people, the question they put is of too much importance not to deserve consideration. On the sober principles of plain reason, there is but one way of answering it. A nation, wasted by a dysentery, is no more to be cured by a charm or a *nostrum*, than a galloping consumption by a specific. You must totally change your system, and alter your course. The effect of a new regimen, supposing it adhered to, is in its nature slow, and furnishes at best only a reasonable probability of success. But if the patient can neither wait for the remedy, nor endure the disease, the case is desperate, and the less he thinks of it the better. In the plague of Athens, the few, who escaped the infection, determined to enjoy life while it lasted, and, in the midst of disease, desolation, and death, spent all they had left in banquets and festivals. They had singers

BELFAST MAG. NO. XIX.

from Magna Græcia, and dancers from Gaul, who received an Attic talent, or 193*l.* 15*s.* every month for their trouble, which in those times was reckoned a high salary."

In the present epidemic love of war, we fear the following just warnings will be disregarded.

"Some persons think that the bank should immediately be compelled to pay their notes in specie, on demand, as in strict justice they ought to do; but, in the first place, it may fairly be suspected that it is not in their power. In all probability, the guineas, they may still have in reserve, would not answer a tenth part of their notes in circulation, and, in the present state of things, whatever specie they issued would soon disappear. If, for example, they were to issue a million of guineas to-morrow, they would all vanish. Some would be hoarded, more would be melted, and all the rest be exported; and this must for ever be the case, as long as our expenses abroad far exceed our commercial credit with other nations; and if, in addition to those expenses, the balance of trade be also against us, it is fit we should be told, in plain terms, how those expenses and that balance are to be made good. Then what resource is left to save us from beggary? There is but one, if we have strength and stamina left to wait the effect of it. The nation must tread back its steps, and reverse its proceedings in the same path, which has brought it to its present decline. Stop your foreign expenses. Sell more than you buy; and then the wealth, that has left you, will gradually come back again. When the foreign account is against you, the gold and silver must go to balance it; when that balance is reversed, the gold and silver will return; but never till then, or by any other means. This is up-hill work I know, but this and nothing else can save us.

"A war of fifteen years continuance seems to have been quite long enough for an experiment, and might invite us to try whether it might not be possible for a commercial nation to breathe or float in another element.

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Not that I mind what is called the mercantile interest in the city. They are the loudest advocates of war, because they all gain by it more or less, though not at all in the true character of merchants. But, granted; war is no longer a calamity; or at worst it is a necessary evil, incident to the system. It is the physic and phlebotomy, that clears the intestines and opens the veins, and saves the body politic from bursting of a plethora. Agreed. It is fit, I suppose, because it always happens, that feeble reason should give way to vigorous insanity! But what sort of war do you mean now? What! still a Continental war! after the desolation and conquest of Spain, are we really so wicked and abandoned, as still to set up a sham defence of Portugal, for no conceivable purpose, but to bar that unfortunate country from some timely capitulation that might shelter it from the last of all human calamities, from being taken by assault, with no possible escape from conquest but emigration, nor even from utter destruction but in a hopeless appeal to the mercy of the sword?

"At all events you *must* put a stop to your foreign expenses. The nation not only bleeds from its arteries, but a considerable portion of its substance is poured into the hands of its enemies, and employed against you. You pay £700,000 a year to fill a sponge, which Buonaparte squeezes into his own treasury, whenever he pleases.

"Industry and economy, protected by peace, would gradually bring back gold and silver, without which, no nation, having a perpetual and unavoidable intercourse of dealing with the rest of the world, can be rich."

The following picture is unpleasant, but not unreal.

"I do not mean to deny that individuals in great numbers thrive by the prodigality of government, and fatten on the public spoil. The fact is sufficiently known, though little felt; because a very symptomatic insensibility to this and every other national concern, prevails more or less over the whole empire. The evil of the day is sufficient to occupy a degraded population, who, thinking of nothing but how to exist on any

terms; how to pay taxes, or how to evade them, gradually sink into indifference about every thing but the enjoyment or distress of the moment. *Panem et Circenses*. As if we had converted our whole inheritance into an annuity, and had nothing but a life-interest in the salvation of the country. Even that base calculation may fail under the selfish being who trusts to it. No man, who is not superannuated already, can be sure that the thing he calls England, and by which he means nothing but the stocks, will survive even himself. Such apathy, wherever it prevails, is a sure forerunner of national baseness first, and then of ruin. The sensation of pain, is the providential warning against danger, the sentry or outpost, that gives notice of the approach of an enemy. The patient, who feels none, or who is suddenly relieved from it, or who by intoxication has deadened his senses, knows nothing of his own case, and dies of a mortification below, with a languid flush in his face that looks like a return of health. To reduce a nation to this state, many moral causes contribute; but practically none more than excessive taxation. Domestic difficulties depress the mind, and prepare it to look for relief, not in any energy of its own, but in some possible change of position, in the chapter of accidents; or in submitting with indifference to any change of power.

"Then comes the habit, which sooner or later forms the character. A constant inclination in a perverse direction will make a nation, as well as a plant, take an unnatural bent, until, by gradually weakening the spring that might redress it, they both grow downward with their own consent.

"With these objects in the mind, and all the consequences in view, it is difficult to refrain from advertiring to the general state and actual conduct of public affairs. Believing, as I do, that some internal catastrophe hangs over us, which might possibly be averted or provided for by wisdom at the helm, but which ignorance and folly can only accelerate, I call on the nation to look at their government. Is it an abuse not to be endared, that any set of men, with no

other title or shelter but the word *prerogative*, should dare to hold and retain the executive power of the state, with a hundred peers protesting against them, without the confidence of the house of commons, and themselves on their trial at the bar of that house! At the public shame of such a sight, indignation sickens into scorn. Resentment dies of contempt. Such authors of such ruin take away all dignity from distress, and make calamity ridiculous.

"Still we are lulled with fine promises, and flattering prospects. Hope is a dangerous narcotic, and not only sets the mind asleep, but, like opium to the Turks, furnishes the brain with many delightful visions. Thus it is that a nation may walk in its sleep until it reaches the edge of a precipice without the power of turning back. These treacherous delusions are mortal symptoms. When nothing but a drastic resolution can save the patient, false hope supplies him

with palliatives, and bars the last extremity of its last resource, by the exclusion of despair.

"The history of France furnishes an example in point, on a great, but still on a very inferior scale. There never was a period of such extravagant expense and riotous profusion in Paris, as in the days that preceded the fall of the royal bank, in 1719. France was deluged with paper, as we are. Suddenly the credit of the bank failed. Down went the paper, down went Paris, and down went France."

We trust our readers will excuse us for giving such copious extracts. The subject is important. According to our estimation many erroneous conclusions are adopted, and there appears a systematic plan to dupe us into a favourable opinion of our situation. We adopt the unwelcome office of attempting to dissipate the illusion, and show things as they are without palliation, and without disguise.

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#### DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, MANUFACTURES, &c.

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*Patent of Mr. John Dumbell of Warrington, for a method of making a substance for spinning (resembling cotton) from flax, hemp or tow, and from shreds of cloth.*

*Dated August, 1808.*

**F**LAX, and substances of this nature, are prepared for spinning in Mr. Dumbell's method, by cutting it into such short lengths as will render it fit to be spun on the same machinery used for spinning cotton: for which various instruments may be used, but Mr. Dumbell prefers the common machine called a claff-cutter, which he enables to cut the flax better by putting straw or rushes under the flax, or by making the cutter very strong and thick, in order that the edge may not spring or give way, and causing it to act by moving in close and fair contact with a face of iron or steel, or other fit material. Other methods are mentioned for the same purpose; but as they seem too trifling to have

any considerable effect, they are here omitted.

In order to divide, and separate the vegetable fibres, when thus cut into short lengths, and to render it finer, and more soft and flexible, the Patentee then works the material, by pounding, crushing, beating or rolling, and by steeping, macerating, and digesting, boiling and bleaching, after which it is fit to spin on cotton machinery.

The Patentee operates on silk, wool, tow, and hemp in the same manner as on flax. He also mixes those materials in various ways to produce different articles of manufacture, and finds that the operation of spinning the prepared flax is much facilitated by a mixture of silk, cotton, or wool; and that the flax is rendered more fit for spinning, by subjecting the carded material to a strong pressure, with or without the application of heat, by presses, cylinders, or other instruments.